FROM THE TEN CENT LADY.

I AM the monster in female form compelled by a djinn of an artist to sit on the Dime for 1860, and hold a cane with an old stocking on top of it, in my left hand, while I keep a shield steady with my right—not hand, for he has given me none—but with a forked radish where a hand should be. My right arm, in order to keep the shield steady, has been made about the size of my leg; but my left fore-arm you will note, is excessively slight, and adapted to its easier task. My head is very small, the artist deeming it unnecessary to give an overplus of brains to one whose whole duty it was to take her ease by looking at E in the word States. My neck, like a scared terrapin, is drawn in, but can be elongated at pleasure. My legs are entirely out of proportion to my body, but as I only have to sit still they are of little account. My right shoulder is very high in the air, but it is elevated in order to sustain as much as possible the weight of my arm, which is like a Frankfort sausage. As for my clothes, I am reduced to my last shifts to protect myself from the gaze of the many blackguards through whose hands I pass. Oh, that the artist had given me something to cover my right arm! The Goddess of Liberty half clad, when muslin is only ten cents a yard. Fie, for shame!

The anatomy of my figure, my dress, my ignoble duties of holding an old stocking on a cane, and a shield with a very sharp point and very dull letters—would be endurable had I the light of that grand old galaxy of thirteen stars to gaze at—but it is gone, or as Emerson says for short, "'Tis gone!" and in the place of the galaxy, I am surrounded with a legend like a camp meeting crowded here and scattered there.

I have never seen my name, for it is engraved on my back, but a man through whose hands I passed the other day said that the letters composing it were like show-beef; too much fat here, too little lean there. That the wreath surrounding the letters was made of Lilliputian corn, and Brobdignagian wheat and tobacco, and that it was the first time he had ever seen oak leaves two feet long! He considered the introduction of the horse-leeches alongside the wheat an admirable idea, typical as it was of the blood-suckers at Washington, under the pusillanimous guardianship of Ten Cent Jimmy.

I remember, my dear VANITY, that in 1858, when you were only in the spirit; and not in the body, how bitterly you laughed at the Turkey-Buzzard stamped on the cent coin of that date, and that thanks to your words the buzzard flew off before the Indian head of 1859—a head, by the way, well executed, characteristic and appropriate.

In conclusion, I pray and entreat all good Americans, loyal and true, to unite together and demand that our coinage shall no longer be the laughing-stock of the world. That liberty, holy and pure, shall not be caricatured as it is now on every coin, save the meanest and smallest—the cent! And that as future generations will judge of our cultivation, our intelligence, our claims to civilization, by our coined money, we may not win for ourselves from them the title of rude and uncultivated, by the execrable designs now defacing our coinage, So mote it be.

LIBERTY ON THE DIME.

Assault with a Pistol.

Whenever we see the above heading to a city paragraph, now, it reminds us of the recent outrage committed upon a sea captain by the bullies of Savannah, for we think what a pity it is that the abused mariner was not A Salt with a Pistol on the occasion referred to.

The Cross Stitch.

When a woman intends to give a man the Mitten she generally begins by Knitting her brows.

One Strong Advantage of Fort Sumter.

It can never Get Out of Water.

A NEW THING ON THE PROGRAMME.

Within the past few weeks we have received nearly a hundred letters from gentlemen of eminence, in every walk of life, asking our advice upon the propriety of ventilating their little things, in that popular sheet, the *Programme*. Our reply has invariably been that of the Spartan Mother to her son on the eve of battle—(our Greek man is out,) "go in!" As a sample of this interesting correspondence, we subjoin the following:—

SENATE CHAMBER, Feb. 24th, 1861.

"V. FAIR, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Pardon the presumption which prompts one who only knows your name, and who must confess himself a novice in all that pertains to the world of light reading, to approach you upon a subject intimately connected with his future career. I have heard of great successes achieved by certain business men in the metropolis whose guiding star you may proudly vaunt yourself to be, by publication of their wares in a poetical form, in a cotemporary of yours, called the *New York Programme*. I am emboldened to ask your counsel upon the subject of adopting a similar course with regard to a little thing of my own which I feel very anxious to recommend to the American Public. Do you think I would succeed as nicely as SMITH BROTHERS? Would I do as well as ROBERTS? I am able to snatch but brief intervals between my lighter senatorial duties for the labors of poetical composition, but I enclose a few verses for your inspection, hoping that if you are satisfied with them, you will make a reasonable contract with your cotemporary for the publication of about six lineal yards of the same.

Yours, most profoundly,
JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

P. S. You pay the *Programme*, and I'll pay you. The Treasury being empty, we fellows in the Senate who keep house, receive due-bills on the butcher, baker, and grocer. As you have enough to eat I suppose you won't want *them*. Those of us who board, are permitted to run up bills at WILLARD'S to a certain amount, (I regret to say the limit of that amount compels us to sit at the second table, and when WILLARD hands them in to the Treasury he gets his pay in Government coupons. WILLARD does not chop his hash as fine as he used to, and no member can have more than one fried egg, which results from the above. We fellows will not be allowed to butter our bread on more than one side, neither, till JOHNNY DIX gets in the new loan. Wherefore I shall be obliged to return what you disburse on my behalf to the *Programme* man, in the shape of jokes. As I am just beginning, you can call them only 25c., when you balance. This is a joke. Why is BILLY SEWARD like MARTIN FIRECRACKER TUPPER? Because he's accused of Turgid-verse-ations (Tergiversations.) I don't like that *d* in "turgid," because the joke is not so apparent as if it were out, but I guess they'll be able to see it. An early reply will oblige, &c.

J. J. C."

The enclosed poetry we sent to the *Programme*, but as it will be crowded out for several weeks by SMITH BROTHER'S new stock of poetical spring goods, we have concluded to give our promising young friend from Kentucky a lift by putting it in our own columns.

A RURAL EVENING SCENE.

AIR.—*Wait for the Wagon.*

As Julia Carey Reinhardt
Was coming through the rye,
There was a quiver on her lip,
A tear was in her eye.

CHORUS.—Oh my lovely Julia!
My lovely Julia Carey!
My Julia Carey Reinhardt,
I beg you not to cry.

The sun is sloping downward
Toward the Western hills,
The sky is calm and holy,
But grief her bosom fills.

CHORUS.—Oh my lovely Julia! &c

The clouds like sleeping again
Breathe airs of fragrant dew,
And everything is happy
My Julia C. but you!

CHORUS.—Oh my lovely Julia! &c

Come lie upon my bosom
Beneath this drooping elm,
And tell your AUBREY MORTIMER
What sorrows overwhelm!

CHORUS.—Oh my lovely Julia! &c.

Exactually she complied
And did as per request,
She laid her PHILLIPONIC odored head,
On my SMITH B others vest.

CHORUS.—Oh my lovely Julia! &c.

And while she tells her bitter grief
My rapt ened breath I smother,
She sobs in broken syllables
"I have a-bub-bub-brother!"

CHORUS.

That brother is a Congressman
But to my sup-pup-prise,
He won't vote for Kik-CRITTENDEN'S
Kik kik-kik-Compromise!"

CHORUS.

The shadder of the el-lum tree
Is trav ed by another,
A manly form breaks through the rye,
'Tis Julia Care's brother!

CHORUS.

He lifts her in his stalwart arms
And bids her dry her eyes,
"I guess," says he, "that after all
I'll go for Cor promise."

CHORUS.

The stars peep out, my Julia C.
Smiles light no grief to clog her,
Puts up her cambric, and my friend
Invites us down to lager.

CHORUS.

Now all who loves that form of beer,
Sweet smiles or starry skies,
Go off straightway and vote for J.
J. CRITTENDE 's compromise!

So much for our young friend from Kentucky. We received on the same day another poetical advertisement, with a particular request that it should be inserted in the *Programme*, previous to the return of a celebrated divine, whose re-appearance on our melodramatic boards might otherwise fail to elicit the much desired sensation. As it has been crowded out of our contemporary by the same ubiquitious SMITH who squelched the other little thing—we find a corner for it. It is short, and the last with which we will sacrifice our readers' comfort on the shrine of personal advancement.

SUNRISE ON THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

AIR.—*Let us remember the Days of Old.*

I stood in the shadow of old Mont Blanc,
And wrote a book about him,
But I thought of the Colored Man all the time,
And those enslaved scamps who flout him!

I climbed to the top of the Pyramids,
And guessed their height to a figger.
But in the yellow Egyptian light
My principal thought was—the Nigger!

I drank camel's milk on the Bedouin sands,
Ate oats in the land of McPherson,
But I tasted, I swear, in my grub everywhere
The flavor of Colored Person.

I went to see the Sisters Seven
On LAURENCE'S stage spectacular,
They talked to the devil—but oh dear me!
It wasn't the true vernacular.

If you want to hear that, the sulphur and fire
That is used by true believers,
Tall cussing, be in true Clerical style,
Drop in at GEORGE B. CHEEVER'S.

The Southern Flag.

In the Southern Congress they are still undecided as to what flag shall wave over them. Crescents and crosses, stars, and for all we know garters, find advocates. Halt there!

Put a Red Eye Flag On

*Don't you think that the merchants named might be induced to contribute a little something towards the expense in consideration of that? J. J. C.

EXIT JACOBUS.

The last hour is at hand!

JAMES—adieu! We repeat it tearfully, mournfully distinctly—adieu! This is the last booth—we mean the last number of VANITY FAIR in which we can talk to you as President of so much of the United States as your enormous genius has left.

JAMES—CARLYLE said that ROBESPIERE ought to have been a sour, narrow Methodist preacher. You were meant to shine in small vestry meetings—to dabble in ward elections—to talk scandal with highly respectable old ladies, and distinguish yourself generally by a white waistcoat.

And you are going!

Adieu! We're glad you're going to a peaceful Rye land surrounded by very little water, where you are popular. How queer it seems that you should be popular anywhere. Adieu. No more shall we compliment you as present President—no, not one solitary more. When you turn over our volumes and recall the days when we were wont to distinguish you, perhaps you may wish yourself President again. But don't do it. We made you celebrated JAMES—we did our best by you. In your Retirement, pray for VANITY FAIR.

HALF BAKED.

My Dear Editor of Vanity Fair:—I have always had a desire to be a witty man. As SHERIDAN once said, "it is in me." The only trouble is to get it out. In this matter you can aid me. What I want is an Editor. I have a splendid idea of jokes and such like witty things. My only trouble is in perfecting them. Somehow or other I can never do that part of the business. If you will help me in this matter, I can be the most valuable contributor you have. Just now I have on hand a whole lot of conundrums to which I want answers, and almost as many answers to which I want conundrums. I will send you some of them. Perhaps it would be interesting to your readers to make up the questions and the answers for themselves.

For instance, here is a splendid conundrum. All that it wants is an answer to complete it.

Why is President BUCHANAN like the late NICHOLAS BIDDLE?

You see, they were both Presidents, and one had the United States and the other the United States Bank, and both failed in their management.

I am quite certain that there is an answer to that conundrum which would make it a first rate one. Now here is another.

Why could not the Southerners in Congress be soft-soaped by the delegation from Wall Street?"

You see Mr. LATHERS was one of the delegation. Some of the fellows who do such things up so neatly for you can made a great hit on that. There is the same chance with my answers. Take for instance the words,

Delusion and effusion,

or

Convict and conviction,

or

Prison and misprision.

All these words are good answers to questions bearing upon our present political difficulties. The fact is that the air all about us is as full of jokes as it is of music. All we want is the person who can catch the fleeting joke and evolve its wit as Musicians do its melody. If you can do any thing with these ideas, I will send you more. Meanwhile I am yours. JOKOSUS.

The Great Literary Question of the Day.

What will WALT. WHITMAN'S Leaves of Grass be when they are dried, and posterity has raked 'em—Hey?

Our Botanist Again.

General TWIGGS, who commands the Southwestern division of the United States armies, has just surrendered all the Government property in Texas, and further more accepted a commission from the State of Georgia. It seems to us that TWIGGS has literally put himself up a tree by this move. The Spring season is at hand, and we would respectfully and botanically suggest that it would be a favorable season for shooting TWIGGS.

Wallackadaisical.

Mr. LESTER WALLACK has just produced a comedy with the attractive title of "Central Park, or the House with Two Doors."

As if there was ever a house that hadn't two doors.

VANITY FAIR presumes that the distinguished dramatist made a mistake and intended to say that the house in question was of the Tudor order of Architecture.

Just So.

"A characteristic of the Black Republicans is to be lavish of other peoples' money, but particularly chary of their own.—*N. O. Weekly Delta*"

Such being the case—and the *Delta* of course knows—what ne plus ultra niggers FLOYD, COBB and Co. must be. Ax us some more dem hard quesh'uns.

By Our Secessional Contributor.

Why is Brittania like a bad school-boy?

Because the former rules the waves, and the latter waives the rules.

A poor Cobb-web.

The one spun by RHETT at Montgomery.

OUTSIDE THE UNION.

Piratical Boy—"HI! JOHN, YER IN A BAD FIX; YER HANDS IS FULL, AND YER CAN'T HELP YERSELF, AND YER NEEDN'T HOLLER FOR HELP, COS THE FOLKS INSIDE THE UNION CAN'T HELP YER; SO JUST FORK OUT A COUPLE OF EYESTERS OUT O' THAT ERE BUNCH, WILL YER, ONLESS YER WANT ME TER WHISTLE THE REST O' THE BOYS UP!"

THE HEAVY WEIGHTS OF LIGHT LITERATURE.

The sapient tariff committee in looking for "ways and means" to supply the treasury at the expense of common sense, have already run against several snags in the shape of enraged diamond merchants. But the funniest imposition which they propose to impose, is the duty on books from England. By this wise provision, all books published in that country more than thirty years ago, are admitted free of duty, while all published since that time, excepting pamphlets and periodicals (which are otherwise provided for) pay a duty of Fifteen Cents Per Pound!!! Think of that, gentle and sentimental reader—your SHAKESPEARE, your BYRON, and your MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, the immortal, submitting to an estimation by weight! Conceive, oh MINERVA! if this example should establish a precedent, how we should have little boys running into bookstores and demanding "a pound"—of COBB, (not HOWELL) or lovely ladies, desiring in dulcet tones, "a pound and a half of TENNYSON." Then should we witness the paradox in political economy of our heavy "Old Fathers," such as BENTHAM, and BUNYAN, and BENTLEY, and BURTON, (not WM. E.) and all the other busy B's of the period, being admitted free; while our modern *light* literature should be forced into the scale, and instead of being measured off by the gentlemanly denominations of £. s. and d., should insignificantly submit to the plebian lb. oz. and dwt. We do beseech the framers of this painful bill, to pause awhile and consider the dire results which must ensue from its passage.

VANITY FAIR is well aware that this style of book-sale-ing against the wind of common sense, has long been in vogue (French pun) in China, where it is indeed perfected. If a book there falls short of a pound, the dealer at once tears so much from some other work as squares the balance. But we are not Chinese, and protest against the adoption of any such heathen Celes—no, we mean Infernalisms.

We have a notion that some old chap who imports extensively of books published more than thirty years ago, has had a finger in this literary pie; any way we consider the Bill decidedly a counterfeit one, and sincerely beg the "Fathers" not to let it pass.

WESTON.

Whenever a hog-reeve or Select Man is elected in New-England some queer individual invariably loses a most maniacal bet; and shortly after the closing of the polls, starts off somewhere with one leg strapped to his neck, or a portion of his head thrust into his mouth, or with his boots and hose stuffed into his vest pockets, or in some similarly absurd shape. He is sometimes closely followed by his neighbors, who stick penetrating pins and things into him in case he falters. He generally wins the wager and gorgeous accounts of his feat appear in the newspapers. He is ever after regarded as a very extensive individual and usually becomes the happy possessor of a two-wheeled chaise, a seat in the Gin'ral Court, a pair of bull-pups, and the respect and esteem of a large circle of relatives and friends. The originator of these wild bets was a Corporal or General, or something of that sort, named P. BURLY BORE, who wheeled a citizen of Newburyport "and another barrel of rum" from that place to Boston, amidst enthusiastic applause. The last person who seeks fame in this way is Mr. E. P. WESTON, a youth of some twenty-two summers, and a citizen of Providence. He failed in finding a man who was anxious to bet that A. LINCOLN wouldn't be elected, and so gave out that in case A. L. should be victorious, he—WESTON—would walk to Washington. Of course he had a perfect right to walk to Washington, or to walk off the bridge into the River, or to "walk chalk Ginger Blue," but what does it signify?

Why seek fame at the expense of sore feet and a damaged constitution? Why not ride to Washington? Why go to Washington at all? Why not go to Taunton? We know full well why a hen crosses the street—it is because she desires to get on the other side. But what sense is there in WESTON walking to Washington simply because A. LINCOLN, who, from the singular circumstance of having received the most votes, is about to assume the genial duties of the Presidency? Don't be so absurd, WESTON. Take VANITY FAIR's advice and return at once to your fond but too indulgent parents.

The Virginia Garnett.

How dost thou like this jewel?

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 Henry VI., Act 1, *Scene* 1.

LETTER VIII.

THE PRESS GANG.

O awriter oppressed by the want of novelty, and "matter"—the Freedom of the Press is a glorious thing and a grand theme. I shall not forestall my great national autobiography by any further remarks on the subject.

When I say the Press of America is free, I assert a fact which, aside from its novelty, is political rather than pecuniary in its application, and wholly consistent with Terms Cash, Invariably In Advance.

Have you never observed how many admirable but illusive paragraphs in our independent and honorable dailies are contributed by that talented and versatile writer? Do you know how they pronounce his name? Just shake hands with yourself against your knee—chink, chink, just so; you have it exactly. Cash Terms, Terms Cash, Invariably In Advance. This may remove some little uneasy uncertainty which may have existed in your mind concerning the connection with the Latest News from Fort Sumter! ANDERSON refuses to surrender! We all use (we don't) SNIDDICKERS' Liver Pills and W. S. (this is a modest pen, sir). The Cry is Still They Come! Everybody is Rushing to the Apollo Clothing Emporium, 2 006 Broadway, corner of the Bowery, sign of the Big Red Scissors. Don't forget the number, etcetera, and so forth.

Do you know SLUSHMEYER? No! I'm surprised. Why he is in the "best society" and has the *entrée* to all the best houses; I mean the biggest, of course. The venal scribbler prejudice is fast dying out, I assure you, and we are beginning to recognize at last, the merits of that very superior article, a steel pen, tipped with gold. SLUSHMEYER is the man who got your name wrong when you went to the fancy ball and mistook LADY WASHINGTON for a Marquise of the time of LOUIS QUATORZE or HENRI QUATRE, which highly respected parties seem, according to popular superstition, to have enjoyed a monopoly in the Marquise line. He is the man who calls you our universally respected fellow townsman, or our amiable and accomplished hostess, or our genteelmanly and accomplished host. You wouldn't believe that those wild, acrobatic letters in the New-York —— (fill in the name with your special abhorrence; the paper you don't take but only borrow) emanate from the brain, covered with a shiny billiard-baldness of that well-dressed, but rather fluffy looking, stubby little man there. That is SLUSHMEYER. He is the representative of the literature of the Day. He is one of those d—ashed letter-writers of whom you are so much afraid. Ah! you may laugh at his insignificant appearance, but don't let him catch you at it, for he never forgets, and as young CARRAWAY LEE remarks after the manner of the times, "he do sling a nasty old pen."

I tell you, sir, he knows everything that is going on, and everything that has gone on, and everything that shall or will go off; and what he don't know he guesses. His motto of life is "Sufficient for To-morrow." Have your fling at him, if you must, for asserting on Monday what he contradicts on Tuesday, ridicules the possibility of on Wednesday, confirms from the very best authority on Thursday, proves indisputably on Friday, and exposes as an absurd canard (as the dailies *will* say, meaning not a steamer, but "duck, an idle rumor," which spells itself with another *a*) on Saturday. Laugh at him if you like, but remember that these be his daily bread, and that even a member of the "Reportorial Profession" (whatever that may be) must live, even though you may not fully perceive the necessity of such a course. He is a weathercock of consistency, differing from all other known weathercocks in shifting to raise the wind instead of to indicate its direction.

He and his profession are, indeed, the only members of the great Third House who are admitted *per se* (as the phrase of the day hath it) upon the floors of the other two Houses. If the word he drops to his member as he passes up the aisle to-day doesn't have its due effect, to-morrow he will speak to a constituency of fifty thousand "enlightened" readers. That was a very common-place remark of the late Cardinal RICHELIEU (Sir E. B. L.'s I mean) about the Pen being mightier than the Sword. That part about "in the hands of the truly great," especially.

My rural friends, who have a private mythology of their own and imagine a legislator as a superhuman being, spending his life in speeches and the franking of speeches, and spoken of, with black borders and adjourned over for, and caricatured in brass by CLARK MILLS when he dies, may wonder how a few words from the pen of a "reportorial" Lobbyman should produce so extraordinary and powerful an effect on their own peculiar brevet demigods. To such of those friends as are not wholly abandoned to agriculture, I submit two remarks which ought to be final:

Man is mortal.

A member is a Man.

Try it yourself, and see how you will like being made the laughing stock or the scorn—butt of fifty or a hundred thousand credulous readers per offended, reporter. New members will take the advice, (the older ones don't need it) of a man who knows, to say the least, a thing or two, if not more, and yield to the charge of his solid columns provided it isn't unreasonable. Why, bless my soul! it's nothing when you are used to it, and if you only make up your mind to it you will never taste the oil, so neatly is it disguisable in orange juice. "Oh, Mr. SAPCHILD," SLUSHMEYER will say to you if you ever have the misfortune to be in "the House," "There's a little bill coming up on Wednesday in which some old friends of mine are interested. Ah, h'm, I wish you'd just look at it and see what you can do for us. We don't want anything but what's right, you know."

There: you see how easy it is!

But, odds! calthrops and thumbscrews! Look out for the —— (blank as before) of Thursday morning, if you and SLUSHMEYER shouldn't seem to see things in the same light.

Whew!

At least, that is my opinion!

Every Dog has his Day.

We were greatly frightened on reading in an Alabama paper, a short time since, an account of a family named DAY, seventeen members of which, if we remember rightly, took up arms in the cause of Alabama, when secession came to be favorably considered by the residents of that section. The smallest of these seventeen DAYS is six feet seven inches high in his bare feet, they do not wear socks in Alabama. He weighs about three hundred pounds, and has a good appetite. As he is quite a small man compared to his sixteen brothers, he is a great pet among them and costs no end of money on account of sweetmeats. A "Southern Planter" has kindly forwarded to our office a specimen of the cigars manufactured expressly for these DAYS. It took two of our editors to smoke it—one at each end. Every Dog has his DAY, and of such is the bodyguard of Alabama.

The Rattlesnake.

Whene'er at Charleston, S. C.,
Folks undertake forticatious,
With Fascines every loop they lay,
With Fascines barricade each station;
And then hoist up the Serpent flag,
To culminate their Fascination.

By a Northern Housekeeper.

Why is South Carolina like a mattrass?

Because it is full of Wooley Hair that must be kept down, while the whole concern is supported on Tick.

Senator Sumner.

Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made gloomier, SUMNER, by thy obstinacy.

By an Ex Post-Master.

Why can't you live a day in Pensacola?

No P. M. there.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER X.

The discovery that Mr. Muffles was "spoons" on Lottie—as he would have expressed that gentleman's state of mind with regard to any body else but his own sister—combined with the entire failure to discover whether or no the young lady were spoons on him—awoke in Mr. Primpenny's mind a feeling of great anxiety. He began to reflect that Muffles was a delightful fellow to know, but was he exactly the sort of man for a brother-in-law? He could commit to Muffles with perfect faith the training of his trotter—the carte of his dinner-party, the selection of his boxing gloves, the management of his own daily life. But could he entrust him with the happiness of his sister? It was a subject on which Stuyvesant thought long and well.

Mr. Muffles and he had not only taken lunch at Isaiah's on the day chronicled in our last chapter, but had staid to dinner. Mrs. Primpenny having asked Mr Muffles if he wouldn't do it, the young man replied "with pleasure" and showed in his face that he meant it; all this without consulting Stuyvesant who sat but a yard off and felt mightily like saying that they had an engagement. At least, without further consulting him than to beg pardon for not doing it, after he had accepted the invitation and refusal was too late.

At dinner, as a matter of course, Mr. Muffles was introduced to Mr. Primpenny, Senior. The guests were so disposed that Mr. Primpenny Senior could spend the leisure moments of his dinner rumination in studying Mr. Muffles' profile Mr. Primpenny Senior took advantage of the chance and kept revolving in his mind through all the courses, the questions whether a young man who wore his hair parted nearly in the middle, could possibly hope to succeed in the coal-scuttle line of life, also whether that Grecian nose didn't indicate a perverse tendency not to carry an umbrella. Mr. Primpenny Senior could not have given any reason to himself why he asked these searching mental questions about Mr. Muffles, save that he held the established conviction that all young men were heretically opposed to the moral discipline of umbrellas—tried to dodge the great eternal fact of coal-scuttles—and were therefore to be distrusted as incendiary and disorganizing. Furthermore—though this was such a subtle reason that by no possibility could he have acknowledged it even to himself—that Mr. Muffles was a friend of Stuyvesant's, and because Isaiah loved Stuyvesant too much to abhor his wicked ways, the suspicion and discountenance which glanced off of *him*, ricochetted and hit the nearest man who was of his reckless way of thinking.

Mr. Muffles had frequent occasion to turn his head in the direction of Mr. Primpenny Senior, Miss Lottie occupying the seat between the young man and her father, and needing, though she said nothing about it, the most constant attention to a plate where no young man with human feelings could think of permitting roast goose to be without its proper accompaniment of apple-sauce, and least of all, Mr. Muffles.

Every time that Mr. Muffles turned in that direction he caught Mr. Primpenny Senior studying him, and with inward agony sought to square his face into the most practical shape possible, the shape most calculated to convey an impression of great natural aptitude for success in coal-scuttles. He did this by a wonderful telegraphic instinct known as *love*—set in operation by the battery of Mr. Primpenny Senior's face, and operating as powerfully as if they had enjoyed a long consultation together. He was half on nettles—half on roses. In the first condition, because he knew that a man who had become the embodied idea of life-long and successful coal-scuttles was not the man to be prejudiced in his favor. In the second, because the delightfully anxious thought occurred to him, whether Mr. Primpenny Senior might not be studying him, for the reason that he suspected a *mutual* passion between him and Lottie, and wished to make the darling of his heart happy in the man of her choice if it could in any way be made consistent with her future happiness.

Every time that Mr. Primpenny Senior was caught, he was deeply abashed—and fumbled about vaguely with his hands as if he were feeling for his umbrella and wished to put it up, but had committed the first great error of his life in mislaying it. On these occasions he invariably concealed his embarrassment by the remark, shot point blank at Mr. Muffles as if it were some strikingly original projectile to which he conscientiously served as howitzer, that the season was advancing rapidly. Once he varied the phrase by saying explosively "buds bursting," and a second time by a similar utterance to the effect that the spring was an early one. To all of these propositions Mr. Muffles assented on the spot, with a flattering earnestness which mortified him as soon as he heard his own voice, and made him miserable for five minutes with the fear that he should be thought attempting to get on the right side of the venerable man in whose hands his fate lay suspended. Finally, when Mr. Muffles had looked around a dozen times, and caught Mr. Primpenny Senior studying him as many times, and heard a corresponding number of repetitions of the metereological aphorism, and assented each time with a disgraceful alacrity, he got into such a state of bewilderment that he did not dare to look in Lottie's direction at all, and had to steady himself by gazing on the kind maternal face of Mrs. Primpenny, whom he presently engaged in cheerful conversation.

All this time, Lottie, with an appetite from her long walk, which lunch had not extinguished, addressed herself to the goose and apple-sauce in so vigorous a style that Mr. Muffles was still further harrowed up within, and got into a fearfully tangled state of mind by proposing to himself how much roast goose and apple-sauce a girl could really eat who returned the heart's best but still unspoken affection The only relief to his mind appeared in the fact that when he asked her if she would have more apple-sauce she blushed—but whether it was from the sound of his voice, or delight at the peculiar form of the proposition, or ordinary good health, who could say without the power of divination?

As for Mrs Primpenny, she absolutely persisted in being cheerful and sensible. There was no such element in her character as the pensive and distrait—and was there anything in a successful dinner and the fact of her children about her, to introduce either of those fresh principles for her better development? So she seemed to pay no attention to the fact of Stuyvesant's silent and murky manner, save to smile him into occasional monosyllables, and press on him the delicately mashed and browned potato, which she remembered as his childhood's first love among things esculent.

But on the whole, to everybody except Mrs. Primpenny, the dinner was by no means a festive and hilarious banquet. Mr. Primpenny, Sen., rose from it like a large boy, who, in spite of all his study had failed to get the lesson, and was going off to the pedagogue's private room to be thrashed for it. Stuyvesant pushed away his chair with an off handish air, which seemed to say that he had no further use for it or anything except innumerable segars and Pythagorean meditation. Miss Lottie jumped up quickly, and began playing a rapid waltz on the piano, where Mr. Muffles presently joined her in the faint hope that there would presently be some leaves to turn over, to make him forget the sensation of several pairs of cold tongs down his back, and a cushion or two of pins equally distributed over the surface of his body. Mrs. Primpenny alone remained tranquil and asked him if he sang—then if Lottie and he couldn't sing a duett.

Mr. Muffles said it would give him a great deal of pleasure, if Miss Primpenny liked to. Miss Primpenny made a similar reply, on the condition that Mr. Muffles liked to. Then they both fired at each other the cross question, "what do you sing?" and as always occurs in such cases, neither could by any possibility remember, just because they wished to remember at this particular time. At length there occurred the felicitous and entirely original idea of turning over the music-books till they came to a duett they both knew. Miss Primpenny sitting on the piano stool, and Mr. Muffles leaning over her, they whirled the leaves, stopping every now and then to criticise some piece which, by a striking coincidence, they had both liked or disliked all their lives. It may here be remarked that one great source of anguish to Mr. Muffles was the fact that Lottie hurried by all the songs that had the slightest reference to *love* with the utmost rapidity. Mr. Muffles deduced from this the conclusion that she had an absolute aversion to him, an exceedingly sensible conclusion which young men always make on such occasions, and a conclusion also, which, though it be impossible to keep it longer than a gentleman could hold a nice red-hot stone, still burns very badly while it stays.

At length, after much suspense on the part of Mrs. Primpenny as to whether they were going to sing at all, they concluded to try "When the Swallows." It was an old song, but then one never tires of it, you know.

Stuyvesant, who had been lingering on the boundaries of the parlor in a state of silent reflection, retreated as soon as he heard the first sound of this song. He felt dissatisfied with he knew not what, and these unfortunate swallows, as being "spoony," were the first tangible thing against which the feeling could be directed.

He retreated to his father's study, the curiously misnamed room where no study was ever done, and the same in which was held

he conversation of our first chapter on the subject of the partnership. saiah was writing business letters with a great gold pen that ooked like a Banker's specie-scoop—and, in the course of his long and eventful life, had indeed served him a very similar purpose. As Stuyvesant entered, he looked up, said, "In a minute, sit down," and concluded the letter with a great square signature like a battalion of grenadiers all the least little bit intoxicated, and leaning in the same direction. This being accomplished, he laid the scoop away on a great cast-iron rack over his cistern of an inkstand—smote a sheet of blotting paper on the letter with his fist, and said,

"What is Muffles?"

"*What* is he? How do you mean, sir?"

"Merchant—Lawyer—Minister—Broker—Captain in the Navy—gentlemen of leisure—loafer—*what* is he?"

"He's a lawyer. That is, he's studying law in Chillgrin's office."

"Oh! ah! Chillgrin, heh? Chillgrin is a good name. How does Chillgrin like him?"

"I'm sure I can't say. He is a fellow of wonderful genius—"

"That's not at all in his favor. Go on."

"I am not an intimat friend of Mr. Chillgrin's, consequently I'm not admitted to any private confidence on the subject of his likes and dislikes. He can't help *admiring* Muffles, I'm sure."

"No! Why?"

"Because he's one of the most versatile men that ever lived—has the most comprehensive mind. I suppose that Muffles could fit himself to become Indian interpreter to the War-office at six weeks notice—or Professor of Astronomy in a College—or President of a Rail Road—or Engineer to the Croton Board, in as short a time."

"Does the War-office want an Indian interpreter?"

"Not that I know of."

"Is there a College at present with a vacancy for an astronomer? A rail road without a President? Is the Croton Board anxious for an engineer?"

"How can I tell? No—I suppose not."

"Then, sir!" replied Isaiah, bringing down his fist again upon the unoffending blotting-paper—"What's the good of his being ready to be those things?"

"Those are nothing but illustrations."

"*Ill-us-trations!*" said Isaiah, with measured contempt. "Stuff! I tell you, sir, the trouble with all young men of this day is *il-lus-trations!* You want to know what a young man can do, and instead of doing it he gives you il-lus-trations! Send for a blacksmith to make you an iron fence round your lot in Greenwood, and he hands you a pretty little sheet of embossed letter-paper with pictures of iron fences to select from. You take your pick, say to him, 'there! put up that!' He goes away and erects some horrible monstrosity that looks as much like the picture as you look like General Washington. It's set crooked—it rusts—it tumbles down—in a year you have to get another one. There's *il-lustration* for you! It's so with the grocer's advertisement of good butter, and the butcher's praise of his steaks, and everybody's recommendation of everything, all *illustration*! The world, sir, at this day, is all one confounded pictorial newspaper—full of handsome pictures of ugly men, and dry airy plans of wet nasty building lots, and representations of forts, and court-houses, and vessels, and battles that bear no more resemblance to the original than a crowbar bears to a tooth-pick?"

"You're a Pre-Raphaelite," said Stuyvesant, with a smile.

"Heh? What's that? Don't be impudent, Stuyvesant?"

"Oh, no! that's considered very high praise. But it's an illustration—so I withdraw it."

"When I was a boy, print and pictures were dear. Action was cheap. A man had to roll up his sleeves and strike, *then*. He didn't hand you a picture of a man with his coat off and a hammer in his hand, and tell you that did just as well. To come back—what can this Muffles do that's worth anything? Can he do what he *has* to do? No illustrations now!"

"To tell you the truth, he doesn't like what he has to do; he doesn't like the law."

"That's not the question, sir! Can he do it?"

"No man can do well what he doesn't like to do. What a singular interest you seem to take in Mr. Muffles."

"Do I? Well, sir, what's to prevent? Have you any objections, sir?"

"None in the least—I'd like to have you—"

"So I thought! Well, sir, I *won't*—I won't take an interest in him! I'm not to be coerced into taking an interest in any man!"

"I have no desire to coerce you, sir."

"Of course you hav'nt. You know you couldn't. Did I say you could? But what do you bring him here for—introduce him to the society of your mother and sister? I believe, sir, he's a dangerous young man! A bad companion for you, sir! He has infected your mind with a dislike to practical life—led you out of the paths of duty and business—made you an airy, aimless, flighty, highty-tighty, rattle-brained fellow like himself! Such company has been your ruin, Master Stuyvesant!"

Isaiah herewith groaned and became silent. The idea of the innocent and plastic Muffles having led *him* away, the experienced and worldly-wise Stuyvesant, was so ridiculous to the latter young gentleman that he laughed inwardly. But his eyes had been opened by his father's last remarks. He perceived that Isaiah was thinking of the very same subject as himself—that his interest in Muffles was only a rebound from his interest in his daughter. Yet here sat the father and son, both revolving the same anxieties, and by one of those strange mental restraints, which, like a waking nightmare keeps grown-up people from disembosoming to each other, like children, their half-acknowledged thoughts, talked at cross-purposes without coming to any understanding.

Perhaps there could have been no worse time to do it, but Stuyvesant felt perversely impelled by the very fact that he could not openly broach the question which both had at heart, to show Isaiah Mr. Muffles' drawings.

"You say he is not a practical man;" said Stuyvesant. "Look here! In this envelope are some designs of his for your very business—which is certainly the most practical in the world. He did these in a few hours—and it seems to me that it would be invaluable to have such a man at the head of the pattern department."

With that, Stuyvesant emptied the envelopes on his father's table.

The old gentleman at first looked toward the designs with a gaze of contempt. Contempt then mingled with professional curiosity, and finally with an air like that of a dog who does not know whether he is hungry or not, but thinks it may be as well to secure a bone while it is in reach, put out his hand and took up one of the drawings. It was the Grecian temple coal-scuttle. "Humph!" said Mr. Primpenny Senior. "Merchant's Exchange! pretty thing to carry coals in!"—and tossed it back. Then he studied the Chinese pagoda pattern with an involuntary interest which Stuyvesant hoped was growing, but finally said Humph again, and added "Visionary!" One after another he lifted the pictures and examined them—sometimes with ill-concealed admiration in his eyes which lasted for a moment, but was always succeeded by the Humph, and impatient gesture of rejection. Finally, when he came to the ingenious invention for discharging coals at regular intervals upon the fire by clock-work, the moral, theological, fire-extinguishing, and musical coal-scuttles, when he had examined the explanations thereof, written in Muffles' most delicate hand, and requiring the utmost use of his spectacles, he whirled them away in a bunch—grew very red in the face and exclaimed with perfect abandonment.

"Sir! I tell you it's a failure! A perfect failure! If you think to insinuate this Muffles of yours into my good graces, into your mother's and—into your mother's regards, and into the bosom of my family—you're altogether mistaken, sir! I have a family to preserve—I am its guardian—and if you choose to put yourself out of it, that is not my fault. But you cannot bring strangers into it—utter strangers—visionary strangers—strangers without visible means of support! No sir! Not while *I* live!"

Stuyvesant kept silence for a moment, being taken quite aghast, and before he could speak again, his father resumed.

"*You* are no longer a minor. I am not responsible for you. I am willing to support you, labor for you, as long as I have the means or power. But you must not bring your disreputable acquaintances into this house!"

"I have none such, sir!" replied Stuyvesant, reddening, "Mr. Muffles is every inch a gentleman!"

"No! *None* such? How many inches of gentlemen were there in a vulgar, beery, bloated, beastly fellow, a middle-aged—even an aged, reprobate, who yesterday afternoon broke into my counting-room and insulted me before my clerks by charging me with the ruin of his daughter? Did you see that exact number of gentlemanly inches? Did he call upon you? He said he was going to."

Stuyvesant grew fiery to the forehead. Every possible emotion varying through all the shades of anger and shame raged within him, and he could not speak.

"I will not ask you," continued Isaiah, "who that *gentleman* was. I expect that our family will be brought to shame by some scandalous case of breach of promise, or something worse, which will take *me* into court, compel me to testify to all kinds of disgraceful things—put the family into the newspapers, and bring your mother's and my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. But, sir, you shall not ruin all the peace of the household. I have given you an establishment. Stay in it as long as you can—dishonor yourself by wicked and abominable associations—but don't

bring them into the family! And look, sir—I am going to put a stop to all this—mighty quick, too!"

Stuyvesant arose—his face feeling like some badly managed grate, whose blower the attendant had neglected to take off in time—muttered something about his supposing that he had a home where he could bring his friends, but finding himself d——dly mistaken. Then his father and he returned to the parlor, where they found that during their absence Lottie and Mr. Muffles had got on so far that they were singing together, the duett, "I would that my love," and without the slightest symptoms of embarrassment—Mrs. Primpenny meanwhile applauding.

Stuyvesant waited till the song was through, and then in a marked manner, remarking that Mr. Muffles was now keeping batchelor's hall with him, and they had an engagement which would take them home early, bowed his adieu to his father, kissed his mother and sister, and dragged out Muffles, who, apparently, was in such a state of goodhumor, that without providential interposition he would have kissed everybody all around.

It was only a couple of nights after this, that Stuyvesant attended a German dance in Hoboken. He noticed, during the evening, that the beer had an unusually bitter taste, and a remarkably soporific effect. Towards the small hours of the morning he was obliged to excuse himself from a pretty Fraulein whom he had engaged for the next waltz, and sitting down on a bench in the saloon just out of the ball-room, was instantly sound asleep.

Two gentlemen in cloaks, who told the barkeeper they were his friends, now took him up between them, and bore him out to a carriage, which drove rapidly away through the darkness.

(To be Continued.)

"CUPID ARMED" AT THE SOUTH.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING REMARKS FROM THE *N. Y. Herald* OF FEBRUARY 15TH.

"The Southern population are all fighting men from their childhood. They are always armed with revolver, or bowie-knife, or rifle."

A WAIL FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Politics! politics! politics!
My mind's in a terrible state;
Never a matinee, party, or ball,
Not a reception or fete!

My dress coat hangs up on the wall,
Where it's hung since the last winter's dance,
And will probably hang for all time,
By the side of my evening pants.

I fear I shall want them no more;
And my boots (BENKERT swears they're his best,)
Will appear never more on the crash or the floor,
But coquet in the dark with my vest.

And to fill up the cup of our sorrow,
The Bachelor's Ball's at an end,
For papas say their "daughters shan't go
Unless things in the meantime should mend."

What a horrid condition of things,
When ladies forget the last fashion,
To talk of the news from the South,
And to vote HORACE GREELEY a thrashing.

If you speak of BRIGNOLI and COLSON,
They answer, "But YANCEY and COBB?
Of the garrison now at Fort Moultrie?
And the Arsenals seized by the mob!"

Why can't Carolina be still?
Why can't CALHOUN rest in his grave?
And why must they come in the way
Of the German? (oh long may it wave!)

I'm sure the Republican party
Would gladly give up all they've won,
Did they realize half of the mischief
Their actions already have done.

I'm afraid we must all become statesmen,
Be chosen our Country to save,
That over the heads of our children,
The Star-spangled Banner may wave.

Then I'd have to give up all my waltzing,
And try to forget the Galop,
Oh, why don't men cherish the Union?
And why do the Fates treat us so?

MURDER BY FIRE!

"Another Tenement-House Massacre!"

So our neighbor of the *Times* heads it—appropriately enough.

A fire in Fortieth street, where seven persons perished miserably in the flames.

Perished in spite of law, humanity or decency. Read!

"The building, with its miserably narrow stairway and decayed woodwork, was nothing better than a trap for human life—a tinder-box liable to ignition any moment, and so arranged as to make escape, after a fire had got fairly under way, almost impossible."

And so it came to pass that HENRY WOODS, after turning back to save his wife and five children, was burned alive with them.

There are contrivances—MACKENZIE'S is one, and most effectual too—which, when affixed to such houses, enable every soul to escape. Why is it that the landlords who own these murder traps are not compelled to render them something less than deadly?

Then to render it perfect, the scene

"Was further aggravated by the breaking out of an old grudge between two of the volunteer Fire Companies, who should have been at work extinguishing the flames. Regardless of the disaster within the walls of the flaming house, the members of Engine Company No. 1 renewed an unsettled difficulty with the members of Engine Company No. 18,—pistols, clubs and brickbats being freely used on both sides, we are told; and this contest being a second time renewed in Eighth avenue, after the police had interfered and separated the combatants in Fortieth street."

We make no comments—the bare facts tell their own abominable story. If the Devil be not rampant in New York, we should like very much to know where he is to be found.

South Carolina Jurisprudence.

Secession is nine points of the law!

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Pelican State.

THIS variety of Pelican (Pelecanus Louisianiensibus) is to be met with along the great tract of low lands around Lake Pontchartrain—a tract inhabited chiefly by a tribe of people known as the Alluvial Flats. It, in common with all other marshy creatures, resides a good deal among the flags with which its native fens are providentially fringed. Recent authorities inform us, however, that It has of late experienced much difficulty in pitching upon the right kind of Flag to reside beneath, on account of the reckless manner in which the Alluvial Flats have cut down and trampled upon the good old one that once flourished so healthfully among them. Of all places, New Orleans appears to be the favorite head-quarters of the Pelican State; on account, perhaps, of the facilities there afforded It for obtaining Its Daily Pic. Since the promulgation of the new tariff issued by the Congress of the Southern Confederacy, the Pelican State feeds chiefly upon the following nutritive articles, which are exempted from duty by that tariff:—Bacon, pork, hams, lard, beef, flour of all kinds, wheat and flour of wheat, and flour of other grains, Indian corn and meal, barley and barley-flour, rye and rye-flour, oats and oat-meal, gunpowder and all the materials of which it is made, lead in all forms, arms of every description, and munitions of war and military accoutrements, percussion caps and living animals of all kinds, also all agricultural productions in their natural state and fire. Previous to the issue of the tariff above referred to, the Pelican State lived almost exclusively upon whiskey; but that luscious esculent has been taxed by the Congress of the Southern Confederacy with a duty of 4 per cent., thus reducing it to the position of a merely occasional luxury, for the P. S., which cannot afford to indulge in it at its present exorbitant rate of 30 cents per gallon. The materials principally used by the P. S. in constructing Its nest, are cotton, sugar, rice, corn, potatoes, hay and tobacco. Of these It usually has a large supply on hand, and from present appearances is likely to have more. On reference to sundry authorities, we find that the family of the P. S. is both widely disseminated and respectable. Linnæus, for instance, informs us that the genus *Pelecanus* includes the Pelicans proper, the Cormorants, the Solan Goose and the Boobies. We cannot conclude this article without expressing our admiration of Linnæus, for the sagacity with which he thus recognize a Great Fact, and the courage with which he published it.

P. S. In order to maintain lucidity, it may be as well to mention that these letters, whenever they occur in the above article, stand for Pelican State.

VANITY FAIR TO MAYOR WOOD.

New York, March 11th, 1861.

Vanity Fair presents its compliments to His Excellency, the Mayor of New York, and desires to be informed by whose authority, on what pretext, the Flag of this Nation was not displayed from the City Hall on the fourth day of this present month, upon the occasion of the Inauguration of the President of the United States.

Mr. Fernando Wood will have the goodness to remember that the City of New York has *not* seceded from the State, nor yet from the Federal Union, and that, consequently, he is by no means Emperor of Manhattan and Dictator of the opinions and wishes of its inhabitants, who, having been from time immemorial, accustomed to see the Stars and Stripes floating from their public buildings upon the recurrence of the great Event above alluded to, feel no desire to have this eminently respectable custom unceremoniously ignored by any such person.

Vanity Fair wishes Mr. Wood distinctly to understand that his conduct, in disregarding the generous forbearance exercised toward him, has not met with that degree of approval which would suffice to blot out the recollection of who and what he is.

A LAY OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Once the Southerners talked of oppression,
Of meddlesome acts, and so forth,
Of raids and such deeds of aggression,
From John Brown, and the men of the North.

They said the election of Lincoln,
They could not and would not endure,
They deemed it too dreadful to think on,
An evil which nothing can cure.

The North shouted Lincoln for ever,
Breckinridge; the South said, was the man,
But Abe was elected so clever,
And then 'twas secession began.

Little Carrie led off with her Pickens,
And Georgia came next with her Brown,
Both said they would go to the dickens,
Before they'd an inch knuckle down.

And Florida bullied and blustered,
She who trembled and crouched like a lamb,
When Billy Bowlegs his men mustered
Yet boldly defied Uncle Sam.

And Texas and other States followed,
And threatened and made a great spirt,
So frightened were they that they holloed,
Before they were certainly hurt.

They captured and stole for diversion,
Took money and garrisons fine,
But all of them cried out Coercion,
If Uncle Sam said, these are mine.

Forts Moultrie, Barrancas and others,
And mints and sub-treasuries too,
Fell a prey to those peace-loving brothers,
Without any further ado.

They vied with each other in daring,
And blindly rushed on for a fight,
For life not a red copper caring,
While pillaging thus in their might.

But Florida, so goes the story,
Outvied all the rest in her deeds,
Marched on to the battle in glory,
To put Mrs. Slemmer in weeds.

But Pickens she wanted to capture,
She came, saw, and conquered 'twas said,
Took one pair of breeches with rapture
And felt that for freedom she'd bled.

Mrs. S. their return soon demanded,
The Florida troops stood their ground,
High words to no purpose were bandied,
The breeches were not to be found.

But fearing the wife's indignation,
Who vowed she would soon man a gun,
They sent her off home for vacation,
And felt that the battle was done.

O ye who are fighting for glory,
Ye brave and ye valorous ones,
Forget not while life lasts, the story,
Of Florida's chivalrous sons.

Latest from California.

By Pony Express, we learn, under the head of Shipping Intelligence, "Ship Busted, up for Cork." We can't see what a Busted vessel wants with Cork.

Artistic Photographer.—Not your expression, Sir!—yes Sir—must be pre-cisely as you looked, Sir—if you had smiled, Sir—would have been taken, Sir—more dignified, Sir, as it is—delicate thing, smile, Sir—sometimes comes up simper.

Gent.—Not my smile at all—demned unsatisfactory.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

By Our Own Correspondent.

Rome, Feb. 18th.

Dear Vanity:—Since my last, I have for the first time in my brief but varied existence, been inducted to the great mystery of the heart.

In short, I am in love.

I have yearned for fame in my time. I have longed for wealth. I have aspired to the possession of power. I have coveted a good head of hair. I have desired manly beauty, high-living, terrier-pups, diamonds, brown-stone fronts, malachite writing-desks, powerful *biceps*, a long life, meerschaum pipes, and virtue, at various eras.

Well, most of these boons are now mine. . .

But am I content?

Not so much as formerly.

Now, I yearn for one kindred soul . . . a heart to beat in unison with mine, and mine alone. A sweet sympathetic heart that can appreciate me, the unappreciated; understand me, the misunderstood. . .

And I am in a pretty fair way to get what I want.

The soft silver light of the moon threw misty bars of shimmering shine athwart the dusky olives that flank the ramparts of the Licentian Hills. The night was bathed in liquid beauty, and the nightingale murmured his voluptuous hymn to the wind-waved roses of the Randangean Gardens.

Rome slept. . .

Anon, uprose into the marrowy atmosphere of the Italian Summer sky, a soft serenade, whose dreamy cadences swept sonorously over the gray and dew-damped roofs of the Eternal City; mingled with the delicious clangor of the light guitar. . .

That was me, singing.

It seemed as if heaven rained pellucid streams of music; that the vines and olives cuddled beneath the mountain's massive shade, quivered audibly in the long flood of melody that drew from Rome across the sweet-sickened air of the marshes, to faint and die in the odorous purple of the cloud-argosies that hung their phantasmal splendors along the jewelled West.

There, that is in the style of Miss Prescott.

To be brief, I sang at midnight, on a moonlight night.

A *jalousie* above me opened, and a bouquet fell at my feet, dropped by a hand as fair as that with which Dian formerly beckoned Endymion. In the bouquet was a note, saying that I sang exquisitely, and that the writer was passionately fond of music. Further, that if I would pass the same spot the next morning, I could see one whose heart had been touched by my refrain, but whom I must refrain from touching.

It was signed Piusetta.

Away with war and tumult! I came to conquer . . . I am conquered! I came in the *Tantrum*, and I am in tantrums now! I saw the maiden at the *jalousie*, on the morning after my vocal triumph, and though I saw her but a moment, methinks I see her now . . . all my fancy painted her . . . like a red, red rose . . . morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be, ever I'm dreaming fondly of her, and would I were with her every day and hour, for she's all the world to me.

But . . .

I fear for the future.

She . . . Piusetta . . . is the daughter of the Pope, by his first wife, and is intended for a religious life. She is a superior lady, and His Holiness wishes her to become a Lady Superior. She is now a nun.

Cavour, who is here, asks me what style of woman I like best.

"Nun!" say I. . .

I have called upon Pius, who, as I have before indicated, is not at all a bad fellow. As yet, however, I have said nothing about his daughter. I shall make my marriage with her one of the conditions of the terms of my treaty with him. If he refuses, I shall join my vessel, the *Tantrum*, and open fire upon the city.

I have been told that I would find Rome a hard nut, but I think I can Shell it.

Garibaldi has gone to Hungary. He is enlisting the sympathies and sons of the people there. Let Austria, Prussia, Russia, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, France, and Europe generally, in fact, including Finnland and the British Possessions in North America, tremble! *Le jour de gloire est arrivée!*

Though I be something gracious and courtly in love, I am terrible in war. Great joy is within my flagons, but upon my sword sits Death, the Conqueror, enthroned. *Basta!*

And Jos Garibaldi is just like me.

And I am yours,

McArone.

Letter from United States Senator Lane.

We have great pleasure in publishing the following letter from that brilliant statesman, the Hon. Joseph Lane, of Oregon. It may seem somewhat paradoxical that a Pacific statesman should be so ferociously warlike, but that is evidently none of our business.—We cannot comply with Mr. Lane's request in regard to hoisting the Palmetto flag, but we will say that we admire his (We allude to Mr. Lane, and not the flag, of course) boldness, candor and eloquence:

Senit Chamber, Washingtun,
March the thurd, 18 & 60 *onct.*

Eis. Vannurty Fuire:—if god spairs my live I shall seeseed with In 20 dase. jonson of tennysea is fernenst me but he haint got no intellect into him. Sivil war is sertin & I wants to here the Kannin Rore. Hist the Palmettoe bannir from on top your offiss & let it waive to the Brees. Don't mucillate this manner-script and be particlar not to maike no Misstaiks in the spellin and punktooate it proper. amerykan Staitsmen suffers from scrofulus papers which tries to bring them into ridicool by mucillatin there manner-scripts.

On to the frey! the god of Bottles smiles upon the palmottoe flag.

yours respectably,

Gosey Lane.

Here They Are!

The English, because they found no little slippers in the ladies apartments in the Emperor of China's Summer Palace, argued that the small foot dynasty has passed away.

Bulls! had you have visited Central Park when the New Yorkeresses were on the ice, you would have seen where the dear Little Slippers were.

Shave for a Penny.

Enquire at the Jersey Central Railroad Office. But don't make a note of it. Notes are at a discount of four per cent there.

Logic and Epaulettes.

Chase's plan of taking Fort Pickens by stratagem—an Illicit Process of the Major.

Delusive Druggist.—THERE'S 'IS HEFFIGY IN WAX, SIR, WISKERS AND ALL. TRY ONE OF THEM POTS, AND IN THREE WEEKS YOU'LL BE AS 'AIRY AND 'ANSOM A 'IM.

REFLECTIONS.

BY OUR REFLECTOR.

It's all very well for poets and lovers to talk of mistletoe boughs, and all that sort of thing, but when the lover makes a hasty descent down the steps, and the Missile Toe comes after him, it isn't usually supposed to be quite so agreeable.

Successive generations have boasted of their Golden, their Silver, or their Iron Age: but it has remained for the people of the United States, in these days of Floyd and of negro slavery, to possess the right to mark this as their Bondage.

Vanity Fair to Virginia.

Virginia has voted she would not secede,
Let this to her honor be said,
That she who the States as the foremost did lead,
Can't now by six others be led.

"Take any other shape but this!"

When are you authorized in judging that a man cannot keep his head above water? When he has Sunken cheeks, of ourse.

For Our Havana Subscriber!

Will the new territory of Colorado be free or slave?—*Colorado Claro* or *Colorado Oscuro?* Answer by next steamer—and dont forget the Flor de Cabanas.

Tribute to the "Six Feet Four."

"Lincoln sweetness long drawn out."

MUSINGS ON THE MORNING PAPERS.

BY OUR CENTENARIAN.

"President BUCHANAN, thinking that Capt. POPE referred disrespectfully to the President of the United States, and thus violated the fourth article of war, has ordered him to be Court-Martialed."

This is the old question of "Pope or President" again revived.

"Galveston advices state that Capt. HILL refused to evacuate Fort Brown, or to surrender the Government property."

Evidently that HILL is a mountain on Gen. TWIGGS' shoulders.

"A collision between the Federal and State troops in Texas is imminent."

Certainly, it is a mathematical fact that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

"The Poney express from San Francisco arrived at Fort Kearney, yesterday."

The editor spells "pony" with an "e." Ponies were *spelled* oftener, he would have more Ease.

"Hail, Gentle Spring!"

No, don't; please don't. Reign, if you will, oh vernal season, but don't hail, particularly.

"Blessed is he who dies in the flower of his youth; it is as if he had risen from the midst of a feast before he was intoxicated."

Blessed is he who dies in the *flour* of his youth; it is as if he had risen from the midst of a meal before his craving of hunger were sated.

"The sweepings of the HARPERS' establishment are worth $7,500 a year."

The sweepings of the cross-walks cost more than they are worth.

"Many politicians claim to stand upon the Constitution."

Yes: as men do on kindling-wood—only to break it.

"The Seceded States are said to be sick of their course."

But they are now Recruiting.

"His (LINCOLN'S) speech cannot be read without the conviction that he means what he says, and where we miss the politician, we find the honest man."

Would that an honest man were found wherever we miss a politician.

"On to is good English."

Very well, then. As a Beak on to the face is a toper's red nose, to warn voyagers off the bar.

"ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee, has been styled a 'Second JACKSON.'"

There is small difference between a Jack and a John.

"What would old Uncle SAM say to the Mint Seizers at New Orleans?"

What's Funds to you may be death to me.

Reinforcements for Major Anderson.

We think the public has been hasty in its censure of the late Public Defunctionary, for not sending succor to the gallant commander of Fort Sumter. We observe that the batteries of that fortress are mounted with "10 inch Columbiads." If these are the famous BARLOW'S Columbiads," (though in that case the Bore is put at a rather low figure), the place is impregnable. No human ingenuity could force its way through such defences as these. Let the land-side of the fort be made terrible with a few "Conquests of Canaan," and the Charleston people will soon cry for quarter. Henceforth let no one deny the practical benefits of literature to a nation. The pen, in the hands of a BARLOW or a DWIGHT, is indeed mightier than the sword.

The Lincoln Ideal.

A Washington Corresponden writes:

"The tall dark form of Mr. LINCOLN appeared against the illumined parlor window of the hotel, the target of every eye."

That is, a Bow Ideal was in every peeper!

DARING LEAP.

MADE BY THE CELEBRATED ACROBAT LITTLE GIANT.